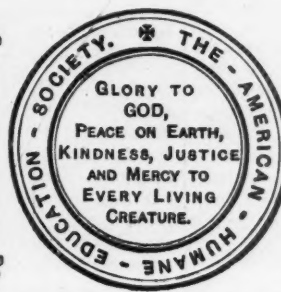


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 31.

Boston, September, 1898.

No. 4.



STRENGTH.

We have just been looking at a Herculean hotel porter [weighing, as he tells us, 230 pounds], who shoulders with perfect ease trunks which seem almost as heavy as himself, and carries them to the upper stories of the hotel.

But what is his strength to that of the young ensign on one of our naval vessels [weighing, perhaps, only 130 pounds], who can calculate the exact location of an opposing vessel two miles away, and in one minute send a shell which will make that vessel a wreck?

And what is the strength of either of them compared to the brain power of a Bismarck, which moulded Prussia into a German Empire; or the brain power of some physically delicate man or woman, who through the pages of literature moulds the thoughts of tens of millions, not only of our own but of coming generations?

Estimate, if you can, the power which Anna Sewall brought into the world by that one book, "*Black Beauty*," which we have already caused to be translated into almost every European and three Asiatic

languages, and of which our "American Humane Education Society" has already sent out, and caused to be sent out, more than two millions copies.

As one of our leading American bishops said to us one day, it teaches almost everything that pertains to Christianity—*Peace—Temperance—Observance of the Sabbath—Glory to God—Kindness to every living creature, both human and dumb.*

It is already becoming a school-book in several nations, and will probably be read by a hundred millions of the human race after we who now live have passed off the stage of action.

Estimate, if you can, the power for good which that one physically delicate woman was inspired to bring into this world of ours.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THOUSANDS AGREE.

While some editors and others attack us for the course we have seen fit to take in regard to war, we are glad to know that thousands of the best men and women of our country agree with us.

We have just received from a widely known Boston lawyer the following:

"GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.

Dear Sir,—I desire to say that I consider your remarks published in *Our Dumb Animals* during the past two years regarding 'the Monroe Doctrine'—the Venezuela boundary—possible war with England—and the recent war with Spain—and I will add on war in general, to be simply beyond praise—they are admirable."

AS WE UNDERSTAND IT.

As we understand it, President McKinley was entirely confident that if Congress had not interfered with him he could have accomplished the proper feeding of the reconcentrados and the establishing in Cuba of such a government as a majority of the Cubans wanted, without the loss of a single life.

The Listener did not encounter any regular army officer in Cuba who had not been an opponent of this war before it broke out. All the officers he talked with commended the tone of the newspapers which had most earnestly opposed the war.—*Boston Transcript.*

How sad are the words of Bismarck, which he wrote of himself: "How many have I made unhappy? But for me three great wars would not have been fought, 80,000 men would not have perished."

Although Prince Bismarck had a larger number of degrees, diplomas, orders and decorations than any other man in the world, except those who occupy thrones, that which he prized most highly and which he wore on all occasions was the medal bestowed on him by the Humane Society of Prussia, when he was a young man, for saving a fellow soldier from drowning.

OUR SENATORS.

If our government would be magnanimous, would feed the hungry, clothe the naked and exercise other corporal works of mercy, why not begin at home. In its great cities thousands are homeless and hungry. Why not extend a helping hand to them? Why not spend in alleviating their sufferings part of the millions spent on Cuban sentiment? Our Senators remind us of Dickens' Mrs. Jellyby, who gave so much attention to the ideal children of Central Africa that she utterly neglected her own.—*Salve Regina, New Orleans.*

What the Rev. Dr. Cuyler says in *The New York Evening Post* about our war:

"Is it not time that all those who have been shrieking for 'humanity' to a set of degraded and ungrateful Cubans, should begin to demand humanity for the thousands of our brave fellows under arms? Our nation has been posing before the world as a nation of philanthropists. God forbid that we stand now as a nation of greedy land grabbers, ready to sacrifice our sons in order that we may squeeze the last inch of territory out of a vanquished and decrepit foe!"

PHOTOGRAPHS.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF AMERICAN, SPANISH AND CUBAN GENERALS.

A friend has recently shown us in one of our leading magazines the photographs of some of our own and Spanish Generals—fine, intelligent, humane looking men—and with them the photographs of several Cuban leaders which impress us very differently.

"MURDER IS MURDER."

From Report of Speech by Hon. Thos. E. Watson of Georgia, [in *Boston Transcript* of Aug. 3d.]

"No citizen," he said, "was more appreciative than he of the brave men who were in the army. They had displayed magnificent patriotism. But a more unnecessary war one people never waged against another. The newspapers wanted war because of sensationalism; the politicians wanted war to wipe out the Populist party." But he reached the climax of denunciation when he declared that "murder is murder to him whether a thousand men are killed at once or only one man's throat is cut. No republic can own empires across the sea and not fall. Imperialism means the emperor. A powerful army and navy means an aristocracy and a tax-burdened people to pay for it all."

WE HAVE PITY.

We have pity for the Spanish youth who have been compelled to fight and die in the Spanish armies and navy, and we have had [with thousands of others] great sorrow for the sufferings inflicted on our own soldiers and on our army horses and mules, to large numbers of which death has been a happy release—and we wish there could be posted in every school-room of our land those words of James Russell Lowell:

"War is Murder!"

and these other words of General Sherman:

"War is Hell!"

SPAIN.

Spain must feel, we think, very much as the traveller did who, offering to hand over all his money to a highwayman for the privilege of passing on, was told that he must also hand over his coat, vest and trousers, and then the question of boots would be held for after consideration.

Our "American Humane Education Society" was taking measures to influence the Spanish-speaking peoples to give up their bull-fights when President McKinley was driven by Congress into this war.

Our prosecuting officers have, during the past month, dealt with 1,549 cases, taken 69 horses from work, and mercifully killed 194 horses and other animals.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

The Scribners have recently published an interesting book on the Philippines, by Joseph Earle Stevens, who resided in Manila two years (1894-96) from which we take the following:

"Now that the Philippines are ours, do we want them? Can we run them? Are they the long-looked for El Dorado which those who have never been there suppose? To all of which questions—even at the risk of being called unpatriotic—I am inclined to answer, No.

"Do we want them? Do we want a group of 1,400 islands, nearly 8,000 miles from our Western shores, sweltering in the tropics, swept with typhoons, and shaken with earthquakes? Do we want to undertake the responsibility of protecting those islands from the Powers in Europe or the East, and of standing sponsor for the nearly 8,000,000 native inhabitants that speak a score of different tongues, and live on anything from rice to stewed grasshoppers? Do we want the task of civilizing this race, of opening up the jungle, of setting up officials in frontier, out-of-the-way towns, who won't have been there a month before they will wish to return?

"Can we run them? The Philippines are hard material with which to make our first colonial experiment, and seem to demand a different sort of treatment from that which our national policy favors or has had experience in giving. Besides the peaceable natives occupying the accessible towns, the interiors of many of the islands are filled with aboriginal savages who have never even recognized the rule of Spain—who have never even heard of Spain, and who still think they are possessors of the soil. Even on the coast itself are tribes of savages who are almost as ignorant as their brethren in the interior, and only thirty miles from Manila are races of dwarfs that go without clothes, wear knee-bracelets of horsehair, and respect nothing save the jungles in which they live. To the north are the Igorrotes, to the south the Moros, and in between, scores of wild tribes that are ready to dispute possession. And is the United States prepared to maintain the forces and carry on the military operations in the fever-stricken jungles necessary in the march of progress to exterminate or civilize such races?"

THE WOMEN WHO WAIT.

He went to the war in the morning,—
The roll of the drums could be heard,
But he paused at the gate with his mother
For a kiss and a comforting word.
He was full of the dreams and ambitions
That youth is so ready to weave,
And proud of the clank of his sabre
And the chevrons of gold on his sleeve.

He came from the war in the evening,—
The meadows were sprinkled with snow,
The drums and the bugles were silent,
And the steps of the soldiers were slow.
He was wrapped in the flag of his country
When they laid him away in the mold,
With the glittering stars of a captain
Replacing the chevrons of gold.

With the heroes who sleep on the hillside
He lies with a flag at his head,
But, blind with the years of her weeping,
His mother yet mourns for her dead.
The soldiers who fall in the battle
May feel but a moment of pain,
But the women who wait in the homesteads
Must dwell with the ghosts of the slain.

MINNA IRVING, in *Boston Pilot.*

FROM AN ILLINOIS EDITOR.

July 25, 1898.

DEAR SIR:—Yours is one of the grandest works of mankind.

If not fully rewarded here I am sure you will receive your reward hereafter. God help you in your efforts.

Believe me to be with you.

Yours for humanity,

W. C. H.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over thirty-four thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

\$250 FINE.

We are sorry and yet glad to say that our officers have caused Mr. Charles R. Marsh to be fined \$250 for cruelty to a horse; and we wish we could also fine every Congressman who drove our President into this war a similar amount for the terrible cruelties it has inflicted on thousands of horses and mules in Cuba.



THREE FRIENDS THAT WERE NOT SENT TO THE WAR.

A PARABLE.

A Malay and a Hottentot

Were fighting on the plains,

In most unruly fashion

For very doubtful gains,

When there came a Christian gentleman

Toward them, through the rains.

The Malay and the Hottentot

Were very, very bare;

For dampness and malaria

They plainly didn't care,

But the well-dressed Christian gentleman

Began to shake and swear.

"I wish you wouldn't fight," said he;

It's shocking and it's rude,

But since you will, I've brought to you

A basketful of food.

I think the Malay needs it most;

I've brought it for his good."

No thanks the Christian gentleman

From either party drew;

They fought with angry vehemence,

And quite obscured his view.

Said he, at last, "Such wickedness

Will never, never do!"

He loaded his revolver,

This good and kindly man,

And shot as straight and fired as fast

As many Christians can;

And then he truly felt himself

A good Samaritan.

"I've killed 'em both!" said he, with pride,

"Their pain is hard to see,

But all must suffer when it comes

To such a point with me.

What I have done is all because

Of my humanity."

The dying Hottentot looked up,

The dying Malay, too,

The Christian gentleman was just

Departing from their view.

He held what they were fighting for,

And held it tightly, too.

"Oh shameful sight!" they cried aloud.

"What could I do?" he said;

"Someone must take this property,

For soon you will be dead.

I didn't wish to fight," said he;

"Your deeds be on your head."

"This is a noble war!" he cried,

"I come to save the weak,

The oppressed are e'er my brethren."

The Malay tried to speak.

"I wish," he said, with emphasis,

"I wish I had your cheek!"

M. A. L. L.

Boston Daily Evening Transcript.

ONE HUNDRED BANDS OF MERCY.

We are glad to learn by letter dated July 27, from Mrs. Blackmore of Allentown, Pa., to Hon. Henry B. Hill, that she has formed 100 Bands of Mercy in that city.

THE DIFFERENCE.

In *The National Glass Budget* of Pittsburg, Pa. "A Weekly Review of the American Glass Industry," we find an editorial of which we republish a part:

"Promotions thick and fast for distinguished services on land and sea have been dished out with liberality. Those singled out for these high honors have been those foremost in destroying the lives and property of the citizens of another nation. Those who were the most successful destroyers and largest killers were the surest of promotion, and have been pedestaled among the nation's immortals.

Now take another note:

"For breaking in the doors of a burning stable at East Boston, on May 21, and at the imminent risk of his own life saving the lives of five horses, it was voted at June directors' meeting to award to Police Officer James Herdman of Station 7, the Massachusetts Society's medal, which is awarded only for deeds of distinguished humanity."

It will be readily seen that there are manifested in the above two opposite spirits antagonistic to each other; one is the spirit of Mars, the other the spirit of Jesus, the Master, who when the sword was drawn in His defense in Gethsemane, said to the disciple, 'Put up thy sword.'

The one recognizes, encourages and rewards all that is pugnacious in human nature, and makes virtues of slaughter and destruction, and mints medals for the slayers of men.

The other rewards the saving of the lives of dumb brutes, and points out to the millions of home-keeping hearts in our country not engaged in war, the beauty and nobility of an act that gives pleasure to heaven and earth, and breathes the spirit of peace, kindness and mercy to every living creature."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

There can be no doubt that Theodore Roosevelt with his ranch history—his warning to Yale students to beware of philanthropists—his praise of college foot-ball fights—and his regiment of cow-punchers and shooters with fighting qualities and reputations very similar to his own, has become a prominent figure in his political party.

But to our mind, when compared with Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Sherman, who said [what will go down through all history], "War is Hell," he seems only an honest bulldog—with very confused ideas of civilization, humanity and true patriotism, and very different from those noble Saint Bernards whose object is to save life, not to destroy it.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

The disposition to give a cup of cold water is far nobler property than the finest intellect.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, September, 1898.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our *American Humane Education Society* sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

As in emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE.

The florist's boy had just swept some broken and withered flowers into the gutter when a ragged urchin darted across the street. He stooped over the pile of mangled flowers, and came at last upon a rose seemingly in better condition than the rest. But as he tenderly picked it up the petals fluttered to the ground, leaving only the bare stalk in his hand.

He stood quite still, and his lips quivered perceptibly. The florist's boy, who had been looking at him severely, felt that his face was softening. "What's the matter with you, anyway?" he asked.

The ragged little fellow choked as he answered: "It's for my mother. She's sick, and she can't eat nothin', an' I thought if she'd a flower to smell it might make her feel better."

"Just you wait a minute," said the florist's boy as he disappeared. When he came out upon the sidewalk he held in his hand a beautiful half-opened rose, which he carefully wrapped in tissue-paper. "There," he said, "take that to your mother."—*The Midland*.

SOME OF NEW YORK'S "400."

(From *The Union Signal*, Chicago.)

Some of New York's "400," written by Adella Octavia Clouston, is meeting with great success. The manuscript of the book won the highest prize offered by "The American Humane Education Society." It had a romantic experience, in that it went to the bottom of the Hudson river in a terrible railroad accident in which many lives were lost, October 24, 1897, but was recovered and made available after considerable time. The story is laid among the "upper ten" of New York city, and is very bright and interesting. Like "*Black Beauty*" and "*Beautiful Joe*" it will make its converts by the thousands to the humane treatment of dumb animals. The author was already known to the world through several other books, but by this she will come into the hearts and lives of many more who will think of her as the one who opened to them a new world of kindly sentiment toward the creatures that do not talk, and unto whom we stand as kings and princesses, or as demons and devils. Mr. Geo. T. Angell, president of the American Humane Education Society, 19 Milk Street, Boston, offers the book for ten cents, which is much below cost, that it may have the widest possible circulation.

BE KIND TO YOUR HORSE.

On a very hot day keep a sponge, a towel, or your handkerchief, soaked with pure cold water on the top of your horse's head.

If your horse's back is sore use pure cold water on it freely every time the saddle is removed.

In hot weather tell your herdic, or cab, or carriage driver to drive slowly, especially up hills, and give him five or ten cents extra for doing it.

In hot weather be sure your check-rein is loose and your horse frequently watered.

In hot weather a mouthful of grass, or a piece of bread or a cracker will help your horse wonderfully.

IF THE MILLIONS.

The field of humane education is simply boundless.

You can hardly find a country town in America [saying nothing of less civilized nations] where "*Bands of Mercy*" and humane education are not needed, not only for the protection of dumb animals from cruelty, but also for the protection of property and life.

If the millions which have been expended in our war with Spain could have been used to humanely educate our own and other nations, we should be seeing the grandest march of civilization and humanity which this world has ever witnessed, and be far advanced towards the golden age of peace on earth and good will to men.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR SOLDIERS IN CUBA.

We earnestly hope that a true history of the terrible sufferings of our soldiers in Cuba may be written, and we earnestly wish it might find a place in every public school in America, as a warning to coming generations against cruel and unnecessary wars.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FROM BIARRITZ, FRANCE.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Will you please accept the enclosed draft [\$100] for the distribution of *Spanish "Black Beauty"*?

I send it with much gratitude.

MRS. MARGARET SUNDERLAND COOPER.

Many friends of dumb animals will regret to learn of the death of the above-named lady, who for many years has been actively engaged in efforts to prevent cruelty, and particularly in efforts to prevent the practice of vivisection.

HIS OXEN SAVED HIS LIFE.

Mr. Herbert, a Boston lawyer well known to us, gives an interesting account of an experience of his father's in Rumney, New Hampshire, in the fall of 1889.

His father, Mr. C. W. Herbert, went to the meadow to get his cows, a pair of oxen and a large bull. The bull attacked him, inflicting a severe wound with his horns, tossed him in the air three times and probably would have killed him had not both the oxen come to his relief, and attacking the bull enabled him to escape.

No case could be better vouched for than this. Mr. Herbert had always treated his oxen kindly and in his hour of need they saved his life.

THE PASSING OF THE OX.

The ox is such a good fellow that his companionship will be missed. He is the philosopher among beasts of burden. He belongs by birthright to the "Don't Worry Club." He chews the cud of contentment even while he toils and turns upon his human companion eyes so full and soft and liquid that the great Homer used them as the most expressive simile occurring even to his almost infinite invention to apply to the divine Hera. So there is poetry in the fine old beast as well as philosophy. Huge and solemn but sweet-breathed and amiable, he performs his task with a steady dignity that puts a definite value, even if a small one, on each passing minute and then ceases to burden his soul with the flight of time.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE COW-BELLS.

Not because of their own music
As they tinkle down the lane,
But from memories interwoven
Would I hear the bells again,
With their jingle, jingle, jangle,
As up from woodland tangle
Bess and Moll come home.

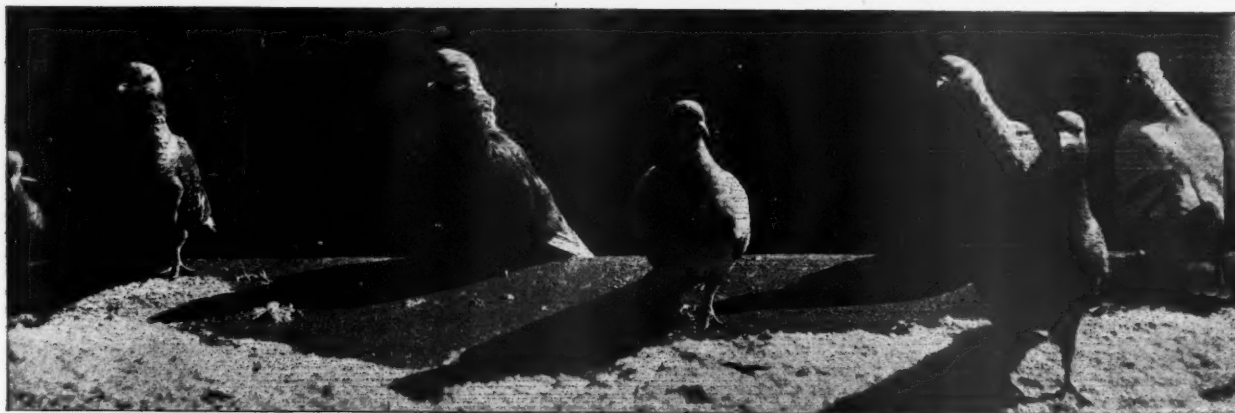
Melody I've heard that's sweeter
Swelling from the thrushes' throats;
But there's country peace and quiet
Mingled in the cow-bells' notes,
With their jingle, jingle, jangle,
As up from woodland tangle
Kate and Nell come home.

Possibly because I'm weary
Of a city's ceaseless strife,
That my heart swells out in longing
For the quiet rural life,
Where, with jingle, jangle, jingle,
From lowland, dell and dingle
All the cows come home.

ELIZABETH D. PRESTON.

As our war with Spain is now ended it is perhaps unnecessary to inquire why the *Maine* was sent to Havana at all, or what criminal or criminals blew her up.

There is no evidence [so far as we are aware] that the Spanish government or the Spanish soldiers had anything to do with the matter, and [as we understand it] Spain stood ready to grant, without war, all that President McKinley thought we ought to demand.



A few of the over one hundred friends that come twice daily to our office window for food.

[Used by kind permission of Miss Sarah J. Eddy, of Providence, R. I.]

HIRAM POWERS, THE GREAT AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

On page 29 of our Autobiographical Sketches will be found the following:

"I had, at Florence, a memorable conversation with the distinguished American sculptor, Hiram Powers, in which he expressed his firm conviction that the great need of our country is *more education of the heart*." "Educate the hearts of the people," said he, "and the heads will take care of themselves. Give in your schools rewards to the good boys, not to the smart ones. God gives the intellect—the boy should not be rewarded for that—the great danger of our country is from its smart men. Educate the heart—educate the heart—let us have good men. These were the words of that old man eloquent with an eye like an eagle's and a face full of sunshine."

A NOISELESS CITY.

Berlin is said to be the most quiet city in Europe. Railway engines are not allowed to blow their whistles within the city limits. There is no loud bawling of hucksters, and a man whose wagon gearing is loose and rattling is subject to a fine. The courts have a large discretion as to fines for noise-making. Strangest of all, piano-playing is regulated in Berlin. Before a certain hour in the day and after a certain hour in the night, the piano must be silent in that musical city. Even during the playing hours a fine is imposed for mere pounding on the piano.

Sacred Heart Review.

GLADSTONE.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

Last March I saw these words from the *London Westminster Gazette*: "The death of the black Pomeranian dog, Pete, which for nine years had been a constant companion of Mr. Gladstone, has been an additional pang to the whole family. When Mr. Gladstone went to Cannes, Pete was left with the Drews, but he pined, would not eat, and was returned to Hawarden the day Mr. Gladstone returned. The dog died on Friday."

I expect to pass through this life but once. If, therefore, there is any kindness I can show or any good I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

LEGAL EVIDENCE.

Salmon P. Chase, chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, appointed by President Lincoln, will take the witness stand. "Chief Justice Chase, please to state what you have to say about the book commonly called the Bible." The witness replies: "There came a time in my life when I doubted the divinity of the Scriptures, and I resolved as a lawyer and judge I would try the book as I would try anything in the court room, taking evidence for and against. It was a long, serious and profound study, and using the same principles of evidence in this religious matter as I always do in secular matters, I have come to the decision that the Bible is a supernatural book, that it has come from God, and that the only safety for the human race is to follow its teachings." "Judge, that will do. Go back again to your pillow of dust on the banks of the Ohio." Next I put upon the witness stand a president of the United States—John Quincy Adams. "President Adams, what have you to say about the Bible and Christianity?" The president replies: "I have for many years made it a practice to read through the Bible once a year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning immediately after rising from my bed. It employs about an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. In what light soever we regard the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history or to mortality, it is an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue." "Chancellor Kent, what do you think of the Bible?" Answer: "No other book ever addressed itself so authoritatively and so pathetically to the judgment and moral sense of mankind." "Edmund Burke, what do you think of the Bible?" Answer: "I have read the Bible, morning, noon and night, and have ever since been the happier and the better man for such reading."

TALMAGE.

SERVE GOD AND BE CHEERFUL.

"Serve God and be cheerful." The motto Shall be mine, as the bishop's of old; On my soul's "coat of arms" I will write it In letters of azure and gold.

"Serve God and be cheerful." Live nobly, Do right and do good. Make the best Of the gifts and the work put before you, And to God without fear leave the rest.

WILLIAM NEWELL, D.D.

HORSES HAVE HUMOR.

From *The Livery Stable*, N. Y. City.

Horses may have no souls but they have humor, which for the practical purposes of the world is sometimes quite good, and let no one doubt they enjoy it. Some time ago a fire horse that had been sold to a second-hand furniture man was coming down the street with a load when the signal gong rang in the engine house it just happened to pass. The old horse had been going at the pace of a nag that works by the day. But there was a change.

The driver picked himself up to see his steed disappearing around the corner at breakneck speed, with bureau drawers and chairs flying out behind and littering the street. Away it went, like a meteor, ahead of the flying fire brigade, to the fire, picked out a hydrant and backed what was left of the wagon up against it. Only then did it stop. But if any doubter could have seen the grin on that horse's face as it eyed its driver who came panting up to claim it, he would have doubted no longer.

THE NATIONAL HUMANE ALLIANCE OF NEW YORK CITY.

We find in *The National Humane Educator* of July the following:

"A new humane paper has been started in New York city, called *The National Humane Alliance*. We understand that the same parties who conducted the late *Humane World*, of St. Paul, Minn., a short-lived publication of unsavory memory, are behind this new venture, although their names do not appear.

WE ADVISE.

We advise our friends never to give money to papers or persons pretending to want it for humane purposes, without careful investigation.

"The time is past, we hope, when a rascal can secure an office in the Bible House or in some other building devoted to religious purposes and advertise himself as an aged minister whose 'sands of life are nearly run,' and fool pious idiots into sending money for some alleged cure-all, invented for the benefit of suffering humanity."

The Congregationalist.

PHILADELPHIA.

"The Women's Branch of The Penn. Society P. C. A." is now "The Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A."



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, *five for ten cents*, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller orders than *five*.

A BIG BEAR.

Driving with our good wife, a few days since, through a country town in New Hampshire, we met in the woods two men leading a big bear.

It was not a pleasant meeting, either for our horse or ourselves, though fortunately we escaped injury.

As our readers know, we secured, some years since, in Massachusetts, a law which stopped the leading of bears over our public roads. It ought to be stopped everywhere.

WOMAN.

Magistrate—Then your husband ill-treated you?
Wife (who wants to withdraw the complaint)—No, your worship.

Magistrate—What? Didn't he bite one of your ears?

Wife—No, your worship; I did it myself!
London Tit-Bits.

BIRD SURGERY.

In the July *Youth's Instructor* we find a most interesting article by Walter K. James on the above subject. After giving various cases in which various birds have repaired broken limbs with the skill of human surgeons, Mr. James adds:

"Everywhere in the civilized world men who call themselves 'sportsmen' scatter agony and desolation among the beautiful creatures God has placed on our earth. Birds with delicate frames, sweet voices, and lovely plumage, wounded and bleeding, perforated with shot, legs and wings broken and splintered, hide away to die in tortures of pain from their wounds, or from the agonies of thirst and starvation. In the trees above and in the grass beneath, nestlings slowly die because the parent birds have been destroyed by a ruthless hand. These are some of the accompaniments of the recreation which, in so-called Christian countries, is called 'sport.'"

I WAS ONCE A HUNTER.

I once was a hunter with powder and ball,
And pleasure I took in collapse, and the fall
Of feathery thing, that adown I could bring
From the region of song and the beating of wing,
Excuse did I need? Well, I thought it enough
That the bird I could hit, or could pluck, or could stuff.

But now, in the mellowing touch of the years,
My gun, it is rusted,—I hunt with my ears,
In meadow, in wood, or the river along,
I listen intently to catch a new song.
I hunt with my eyes. And the singer to see
I watch through the days—or the years, if need be.
CHAS. J. ADAMS.

THE CONQUEROR.

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

The barkeeper's wife has a sealskin coat,
But mine has an old plaid shawl;
She has jewels for finger and ear and throat,
But mine has none at all.
Her only ring I stole one night
And pawned for a poisoned drink!
Oh, mother of mine! Bring back the light
Of youth and the strength to think!

The barkeeper's child has books and toys,—
My children have want and woe;
They never have dwelt in the world of joys
The barkeeper's child may know.
At a tiny doll my baby's eye
Would dance, and her heart would swell,
But I've always taken the price to buy
A cup of the liquid hell.

Oh, the girl I wooed in the good, glad years,—
Whose pure lips touched with mine,—
I swear to banish her bitter tears
In the strength of a love divine;
And hearts so broken and sad to-day,
With new-found bliss shall thrill,
For the devil of rum I'll cast away,—
God helping me, I will!

The L. A. W. Bulletin.

VIVISECTION.

[From the New York Tribune.]

The following is an extract from a speech made by Miss Frances Power Cobbe:

"I believe that the great Orderer of all things is a righteous, holy, merciful God, and such a God could not—I say it with all reverence—possibly have so made His world as that man should be obliged to seek for the remedies of his diseases by tormenting His humbler creatures. I think it is a blasphemous idea that such should be God's appointment. I believe that bodily health is to be obtained by temperance, purity, cleanliness, fresh air, a contented and cheerful spirit; not by pouring filth into our veins or through the secrets to be dug out of the brains and entrails of tortured brutes. Nor do I find that after a century of inhuman vivisections, in which millions of harmless creatures have perished in agony, the physiologists have given us a remedy for any of the woes and scourges of mortality. The death rate from consumption has not been lowered by Koch's famous 'discovery,' nor that from hydrophobia by Pasteur's; while cancer goes on increasing year by year till five die now of it for one who did so thirty years ago."

In behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" I offer One Thousand Dollars for evidence to convict ten persons in Massachusetts of violation of our State law by cruel vivisection—namely, One Hundred Dollars for evidence in each case.

"Blessed are the merciful."

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

THE BETTER WAY.

He serves his country best
Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on;
For speech has myriad tongues for every day,
And song but one; and law within the breast
Is stronger than the graven law on stone;
There is a better way.

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, however others stray,
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,
A stainless record, which all men may read;
This is the better way.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, MARCH 30, 1869.

We give below an extract from our address at the first annual meeting of *The M. S. P. C. A.* in Boston Music Hall, March 30, 1869:

OUR PLAN.

If we had the power we would not limit this work to the State or the country. We should be glad to carry it around the world. But the State for the present is our field, and this the plan: To have agents in all parts of the State—to make our paper as interesting as possible, and then to put it, so far as possible, into every home in the State; to have the best articles and stories reprinted in the reading books used in the schools of the State; so far as possible to induce teachers, and the people generally, to hang up in school-houses and homes beautiful pictures of animals, and illustrating kindness to them; to have appropriate songs written and set to music to be sung by the children; to have prizes for humanity, as well as scholarship; to have every child taught, as soon as it can be taught anything, to be kind and merciful to all creatures. And we believe that such measures, universally adopted throughout the State, would not only insure protection and kindness to animals, but would accomplish as much for the public peace and the suppression of every species of violence, as the criminal code of the State enforced by its constabulary and police.

QUAKERS.

I would here call your attention for one moment to the history of a religious sect or denomination with which you are familiar; not to speak of its sectarian belief, [for this society is the advocate of no sect or party], but I would simply call your attention to the fact that the society to which I refer, known as the Friends or Quakers, has been eminently distinguished for the humane education of its children, and then would ask how much it has ever cost this Commonwealth or this nation to punish crimes or protect society from crimes committed by Quakers? And I would again call your attention to the fact that in the early history of our country, while the other colonies were involved in fierce and bloody wars with the Indians, Wm. Penn, the great Quaker of his day, maintained, during his whole life-time, the most friendly relations with the tribes about him, and then again would ask whether any nation has ever discovered a more economical method of preventing crimes, riots, bloodshed and war, than that practiced by the Quakers, illustrated by Wm. Penn, adorned by our own Whittier, and endorsed by our new President in his selection of Quakers as Indian agents to take charge of our western tribes.

THE MEANING OF OUR WORK.

The work of this society means more than at first sight appears.

On its Board of Officers you find the Republican Governor of the State, the Democratic Mayor of the city, the Roman Catholic Bishop, the Protestant Bishop, and so on; as you glance down its list of names you will find Protestant and Catholic, Orthodox and Heterodox, men and women of all churches and no church, working amicably together.

The work of our society means more than at first sight appears. It does not expect to accomplish all its plans in a day or year. It does not wish or claim to be the only instrumentality of their accomplishment, but it aims at a no less result than to unite all sects and parties on a common platform—to elevate the moral and humane character of the State—and to hasten the dawning of that era, foretold by prophets, and prayed for by the good of all ages—the millennial era of peace on earth and good will to all creatures which God, for his own wise purposes, has seen fit to create.

GEO. T. ANGELL

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have recently had hung in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PREMATURE BURIAL.

[From New York Times.]

Willkie Collins left a missive among his papers, says a writer in *Chambers' Journal*, directing that when he died a thorough examination of his body was to be made by a skilled surgeon. Lady Burton, wife of Capt. Sir Richard Burton, ordered that her body should be pierced with a needle in the region of the heart. Mr. Edmund Yates of *The World*, Miss Ada Cavendish, Miss Harriet Martineau, the authoress, and Hans Andersen, the writer of so many fairy tales, may be mentioned as instances of men and women who have left instructions that they should not be interred until everything possible had been done to make sure that they were lifeless. In some cases it was the severance of a vein, in others even decapitation, that was resolved upon. Others, with a similar end in view, have adopted different means.

PLACE DISHES OF WATER.

In a country town not far from the purlieus of Beacon Street, lives during the summer a certain humane Bostonian. It has long been his habit to have placed near the entrance to his grounds a large vessel which is filled with fresh water twice a day. Many are the dogs that roam along the lovely road, and rarely does one go by without taking a few laps of this hospitable refreshment. Oftentimes birds, seen hopping in the grass, will edge along until they believe no one is in view, and then they will plunge into the vessel, splashing the water about until some carriage or passer-by disturbs them. Doubtless there are many people who have gardens and grounds, even though they are without pets of any sort, and it would be an act of charity for them to follow this man's example. Everybody cannot afford a fountain, but nearly every one with lawns to keep fresh and green does afford a lawn sprayer, and if grass must drink, how much more necessary must water be to dumb creatures dependant on human sympathy and human foresight for their safety and well being.

CHATTERER, in *Boston Herald*.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

Mrs. Livermore, in her book entitled "My Story of the War," gives a very interesting sketch of "Mother Bickerdyke," a famous character in those times. She was an energetic, sympathetic woman, of slight education, who had a natural aptitude for nursing, and an unfailing love of "her boys," as she called the soldiers. Mother Bickerdyke was always to the fore when there was work to be done, and no trials or difficulties ever daunted her. After the battle of Chattanooga she was for weeks the only woman with the 1800 wounded. The weather was bitterly cold, and the sick were nearly frozen to death in spite of big fires. At last the wood gave out one awful night, and it seemed, indeed, as if those who could not move about would perish of the cold. Mother Bickerdyke had the utmost scorn for red tape, and a mind equal to all emergencies. She called on a few of her faithful "boys" to follow her, and, armed with an axe, proceeded to make firewood of the palisades. Soon an officer came along, and looked on with dismay; there was nothing else would save the wounded, but such irregularity, such rashness, must be punished. "Consider yourself under arrest," he called to Mother Bickerdyke next time she passed him laden with planks. "All right, Major, I'm under arrest; only don't interfere with me till the weather moderates," was the undaunted reply.

A WISE RULE.

Among the rules of a New York livery stable where the animals of many wealthy men are kept, are the following: "No man will be employed who drinks intoxicating liquors. No man shall speak loud to any of the horses, or in the stable where they are. Horses of good blood are nervous, and loud, excited conversation is felt by every horse who hears it, and keeps them all nervous and uneasy. No man shall use profane language in the hearing of horses."

A hundred men may make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home.



LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

By kind permission of E. A. Perry, Malden, Mass., who has a variety of these pictures for schools, at \$1.00 per hundred.

LITTLE GUSTAVA.

Little Gustava sits in the sun,
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run
From the icicles under the eaves so fast,
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,
And glad is little Gustava.

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap,
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,
And a wreath of marigolds round the rim:
"Ha! Ha!" laughs little Gustava.

Up comes her little gray, coaxing cat,
With her little pink nose, and she mews, "What's that?"

Gustava feeds her,—she begs for more;
And a little brown hen walks in at the door:
"Good-day!" cries little Gustava.

She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen.
Taere comes a rush and a flutter, and then
Down fly her little white doves so sweet,
With their snowy wings and their crimson feet:
"Welcome!" cries little Gustava.

So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs,—
But who is this through the doorway comes?
Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags,
Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags:
"Ha! Ha!" laughs little Gustava.

"You want some breakfast, too?" and down
She sets her bowl on the brick floor brown;
And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,
While she strokes his shaggy locks, like silk.
"Dear Rags!" says little Gustava.

Waiting without stood sparrow and crow,
Cooling their feet in the melting snow:
"Won't you come in, good folk?" she cried.
But they were too bashful, and stayed outside,
Though "Pray come in!" cried Gustava.

So the last she threw them, and knelt on the mat
With doves and biddy and dog and cat,
And her mother came to the open house-door;
"Dear little daughter, I bring you some more,
My merry little Gustava!"

Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves,
All things harmless Gustava loves.
The shy, kind creatures 'tis joy to feed,
And, O! her breakfast is sweet indeed
To happy little Gustava!

St. Nicholas.

Don't kill your dog trying to make
him run with your bicycle. Dogs were
intended for no such purpose.

Massachusetts has the first
law prohibiting vivisection in
the schools.

SULPHUR.

DORCHESTER, July 19, 1896.

GEORGE T. ANGELL, Esq.

Dear Sir,—I called at your office yesterday in regard to the use of sulphur in the army and navy.

When Lagrippe first came I was one of its victims. It left me with rheumatism and I was given up by the doctors. I read in *Our Dumb Animals* that all persons who worked in the Byam match factory, where sulphur was used, escaped Lagrippe, and from this statement I made a pair of sulphur soles and pads for my shoes, and carried them, and have done so for seven years and have not had a sick day since, not even a cold. I am 62 years old and in as good health as I ever was, thanks to Mr. Angell for sulphur.

This led to my manufacturing sulphur soles and pads, and I have sold over two thousand pairs and given away about five hundred pairs, and have never had anyone say that sulphur was not what I recommended it to be. Used in bedrooms, cars, vessels, hotels, schools and every public place as a preventive for sickness it is a great thing. I think it will come to be used the world over if once fairly tried in the army and navy.

Yours truly,

TILER ANDREWS.

71 Sydney St., Dorchester, Mass.

WHERE TOWN AND COUNTRY MEET.

Away, where stretches that hazy line,
Where the town and country meet,
That line where the city's confines lie,
And begin the meadow so sweet,
It seems to me that a mystic spell
Possesses my heart and brain,
When I cross the bound'ry and enter awhile
To walk in Nature's domain.

I feel, as I catch the first sweet breath
Of clover-scented air,
That a higher power my whole soul claims,
And I pause for a moment there,
And wonder if waiting at Heaven's gate,
With all life's battles complete,
I shall not feel as I do when I stand
Where the town and the country meet.

Ladies' Home Journal.

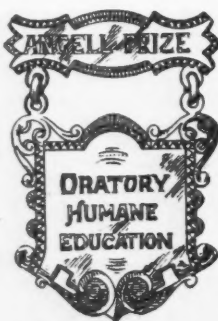
ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed "The American Humane Education Society."



We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools or Sunday-schools are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

It is a splendid and easy way to raise money.

We have a book of 192 pages describing the plan and containing beautiful selections to be used by the speakers and reciters in these contests, which our "American Humane Education Society" sends to those who are going to contest, on receipt of six cents in postage stamps to pay postage; and to all others for sixteen cents in postage stamps, which is precisely what they cost us with postage.

Every school taking part wants to attend, so do parents and friends; good music is added, and a full audience is insured, and a very enthusiastic one, for every school of course cheers its champion, and, for a week after, the merits of what was said and how it was said will be discussed, not only by children but by parents.

As before stated, these prize contests have been already recommended by the Master of the National Grange for all the Granges of our country—also by the National Superintendent of the Department of Mercy of the W. C. T. U., to be adopted by that organization all over the country, and they have attracted notice from the press as far off as London and Australia.

We have already many orders for both books and medals, and on our table are interesting accounts of their success in various cities and towns.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhust, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

What is its circulation?

Answer—Regularly between 50,000 and 60,000, and sometimes it has been from 100,000 to 200,000.

IT GOES EACH MONTH TO

All members of our two Humane Societies. Several thousands of business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our *Bands of Mercy* in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico. Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. The editors of over twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these over twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

For *Light to Benefit Mankind*, written by a New York Vice-president of our American Humane Education Society—gratuitously circulated by American Humane Education Society—write us.

In hiring a herdic, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdic we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by Our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Educate a boy and you get an intelligent man. Educate a girl and you get an intelligent family.—*Indiana Journal of Education*.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdic or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address *Art and Natural Study Publishing Co.*, Providence, R. I.

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE BADGE OF CRUELTY.

Is it not possible to persuade the women of Boston—the city we are proud to consider a centre of refinement, reason and intelligence—to take a decided stand in the matter of the slaughter of birds, and protect them by refusing to wear them? We are fostering a grievous wrong out of pure thoughtlessness. A bit of ribbon, or a bunch of flowers, or any of the endless variety of materials used by the milliner, would answer every purpose of decoration, without involving the sacrifice of bright and beautiful lives. But women do not know what they are doing when they buy and wear birds and feathers, or they never would do it. How should people brought up in cities know anything of the sacred lives of birds? What woman, whose head is bristling with their feathers, knows, for instance, the hymn of the song sparrows, the sweet jargon of the blackbirds, the fairy fluting of the oriole, the lonely, lovely wooing call of the sandpiper, the cheerful challenge of the chickadee, the wild, clear whistle of the curlew, the twittering of the swallows as they go careening in wide curves through summer air, filling earth and heaven with tones of pure gladness, each bird a marvel of grace, beauty and joy? God gave us these exquisite creatures for delight and solace, and we suffer them to be slain by thousands for our "adornment." When I take note of the headgear of my sex a kind of despair overwhelms me. I go mourning at heart in an endless funeral procession of slaughtered birds, many of whom are like dear friends to me. From infancy I have lived among them, have watched them with the most profound reverence and love, respected their rights, adored their beauty and their song, and I could no more injure a bird than I could hurt a child. No woman would if she knew it. The family life of most birds is a lesson to men and women. But how few people have had the privilege of watching that sweet life, of knowing how precious and sacred it is, how the little beings guard their nests with almost human wisdom, and cherish their young with faithful, careful, self-sacrificing love. If women only knew these things, there is not one in the length and breadth of the land, I am happy to believe, who would be cruel enough to encourage this massacre of the innocents by wearing any precious ruffled plume of theirs upon her person.—CELIA THAXTER.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Our "Bands of Mercy" now number 34, 172. The new Bands will be published in our October paper.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth, and birds are decreasing in this country.

"Blessed are the Merciful for they shall obtain Mercy."

Refuse to ride in any cab, herd or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1.) Placards for the protection of birds.
- (2.) Placards for the protection of horses from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

- (1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.
- (2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

- (1.) Avoid so far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.
- (2.) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.
- (3.) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.
- (4.) When grippe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

The Prince of Wales is opposed to the docking of horses' tails. If he can make this cruel conventionalism unpopular he will not have lived in vain, even if he should never be king.—*Boston Transcript*.

Willie—"Pa, what is thunder?" Pa—"A weather report, Willie."—*Chicago News*.



Family at Walnut Ridge Farms—Office, 5 State Street, Boston.

WAR HORSES.

It is remarkable how quickly horses adapt themselves to the military service, said an old soldier. Every artilleryman knows that they learn the bugle calls and the evolutions quicker than the men, as a rule. They soon acquire a uniform gait, which is about the same as what we call the route step or the usual marching step. If the horses did not acquire the same gait as the infantry there would be varying distances between the different arms of the service—that is, between the infantry and the cavalry, artillery, and the commanders and their escorts. In the drills in the artillery service the horses will preserve their alignment as well as the infantry rank.

I shall always remember one illustration of this trait which I noticed at a very exciting and critical moment of a battle during our civil war. In order to save some of our infantry from being captured, the commander of one of our batteries quickly mounted the cannons on the guns and put the whole battery at a dead gallop across a stretch of meadow about half a mile wide. I was quite accustomed to such sights; but when that dashing company was half way across the field I noticed the inspiring array, and for a moment was lost in rapt admiration of the magnificent picture. Every driver was plying whip and spur, the great guns were rocking and thundering over the ground, and every horse, reeking with foam and full of animation and excitement, was straining every muscle as he galloped forward, yet a straight line drawn along in front would have touched the noses of the lead horses in front of the six guns. That was an artillery charge, one of the most thrilling sights in the evolutions of war.

It is surprising how quickly horses learn the bugle calls. Let the first note of the feed or water bell be sounded, and instantly there will be a stamping, kicking, and neighing among the horses. Once during a terrible night storm in camp, our horses were seized with such terror that those of nearly every battery broke loose and scattered about. The next morning there was a wild rush among the artillerymen to capture horses for use. All was excitement and the horses refused to be caught. An officer ordered the bugle to give the feed call. Horses from every direction came dashing into that battery, and the rush was so great that it was with difficulty the men could get out of the way of the eager horses.

When it comes to a battle a horse seems to know everything that is going on, and the reason for it all, and does his duty nobly. He enters into the spirit of a battle like a human being. He shows no fear of death, no sign of being overcome by panic in all the wild tumult of the battle's roar. A horse in one of

our batteries in the Murfreesboro fight was hit by a piece of shell, which split his skull so that one side was loosened. The driver turned him loose, but he walked up to the side of the gun and watched the firing, and when a shot was fired would follow it with his gaze as if to note its effect on the enemy. When he saw the team he had worked with being driven back for ammunition, he ran to his old place and galloped back with the rest. When an officer pushed him aside to have another horse put in, he gazed at the new one with a most sorrowful expression in his eyes. Then he seemed to realize that the glory of battle was no more for him, and he walked away and lay down and died. The officer declared that it was a broken heart, not the wound, that killed him.

During a fierce charge of the Confederate cavalry at Murfreesboro, an officer was killed and the cavalry driven back. The horse the officer had ridden was a magnificent animal, and he had not been taught to retreat. Riderless, he kept on his way, and as he dashed through our battery the sight of him was indescribably grand. His nostrils were extended wide, his eyes fairly blazed, and he clutched the bit determinedly with his teeth as he came on like the wind with his saddle flaps flying until he looked as if he were himself flying instead of wildly running. Every one gave him room as he dashed toward us. An officer shouted that he would give \$100 to any one who would capture that superb animal, but all seemed too much bound up in admiration of the noble beast to make the effort, and he sped on and disappeared in the blue distance.

New York Sun.

Extract from Henry Ward Beecher's letter to Bonner on the death of the Auburn horse:

"Ought he not to have respect in death, especially as he has no chance hereafter? But are we so certain about that? Does not moral justice require that there should be some green pasture-land hereafter for good horses? say—old family horses that have brought up a whole family of their master's children and never run away in their lives? Doctors' horses that stand unhitched, hours, day and night, never gnawing the post or fence, while the work of intended humanity goes on? Omnibus horses that are jerked and pulled, licked and kicked, ground up by inches on hard, sliding pavements, overloaded and abused? Horses that died for their country on the field of battle, or wore out their constitutions in carrying noble generals through field and flood, without once flinching from the hardest duty? Or my horse, old Charley, the first horse that I ever owned; of racing stock, large, raw-boned, too fiery for anybody's driving but my own, and as docile to my voice as my child was?"

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

TWO APPLES.

The other day I stood looking at a noble specimen of a horse, who refused to advance one step.

The driver dismounted and took hold of the bits, but the head went up with a defiant jerk.

The driver again took his seat and was vainly urging the obstinate animal, when a lady stepped gracefully forward from a neighboring house. Her face was the picture of kindness and good will. In her hand were two apples. She held one to the mouth of the obstinate animal. What horse with a particle of chivalry in his nature could resist such a mode of warfare? He took the apple and his obstinacy vanished and he started, but the lady evidently believed in finishing the work thoroughly, and held out another. He took it as gracefully as it was given, and then with a right good will and a right good pace, started again. Two apples did that work. Drivers of obstinate horses please take notice, two apples saved a good deal of time. S. E. M.

PUSSY'S LONG RIDE.

We often hear of dogs making long railway journeys unattended, and there are few railway men who are not familiar with "Railroad Jack," the dog who has crossed the continent a half dozen times, and makes frequent visits to the South and West, but a traveling kitten is so rare as to be worthy of passing notice. *Point Pleasant, N. J.*, is kitty's home, and from there she boarded the train one day last week for New York, where she arrived in safety. But the return was not so easily accomplished. It was dark and kitty did not want to be carried past her station. The thought that she might be left on some barren sand waste, no doubt made her uneasy, for at each station, as the brakeman opened the door, she would rush to the platform and remain there until satisfied it was not her home. At Asbury Park the same instinct that controls the passengers when the conductor cries "all out for Asbury Park," must have seized kitty, for she accordingly left the train. The dazzling electric lights and brilliant store windows decorated for the holidays must have soon convinced kitty that she was not at home. She may have imagined that she was still in New York. The train had by this time started, but pussy's dread of being left overcame all other fear, and with one bound she landed on the platform and was once more in the brakeman's charge. Pussy arrived at Point Pleasant in safety and has won the distinction of traveling a distance of over a hundred and fifty miles unattended. — *The Torch, Asbury Park, N. J.*

Praise your children for everything they do well.

Praise your wife for everything she does well.

Praise your husband for everything he does well.

Praise your brothers and sisters for everything they do well.

Praise people you employ for everything they do well.

Praise everybody for everything they do to make the world happier or better.

UNDISPUTED.

First Lawyer—"You are a shyster!"

His Opponent—"And you are a blackguard!"

The Court—"Now, gentlemen, let us take up the disputed points in the case."

Philadelphia North American.

The parlor is probably the most frequented of all court rooms.

THE PET OF THE MONKEYS.

There was an exciting time among the monkeys out at the Zoological Garden yesterday. Since the birth of the cunning little one several days ago great consternation has prevailed in the family. It seems to be not only the idol of its fond parent, but also the joy and pride of the entire group. Different ones share in fondling and coddling it, and the quarrels and knock-downs which have occurred in the efforts of the other monkeys to get possession of it have produced some remarkably ludicrous scenes.

One of these funny incidents took place early yesterday. Just as he was about rounding the garden on the last patrol of his beat Watchman Shuman had his attention directed to the monkey-house by a terrific commotion. So great and unusual was the uproar that the man was startled. Hastening in as fast as his feet would carry him he found the army of monkeys formed in a circle around one of their number, chattering and shrieking, while they clamored over one another, rolled about the floor, and indulged in other strange and unaccountable antics. If Bedlam had been turned loose in the big cage the confusion could not have been more, the uproar greater or the scene more ludicrous.

For several moments the watchman stood an amused spectator, astonished and bewildered at the strange performance, when suddenly one of the larger of the cunning creatures advanced to the monkey in the centre. Seizing the infant, which, up to this time was not observed by the man, the large monkey gave a big leap and made off with it. Up the side of the cage he ran like a squirrel, holding the baby in one arm and climbing with the other, while fifty more monkeys, with lungs like brass tea kettles, followed in hot pursuit with the frenzied mother, all screaming, chattering or shrieking to the full extent of their vocal capacity. Around and around the kidnapper, who seemed to be the most agile and fleetest on foot of the lot, ran, holding his infant charge secure and protecting it from harm. Meanwhile the excitement and confusion appeared, if possible, to increase. Instead of turning and heading him off, the foolish animals continued to chase him from the rear, frequently falling over one another in their precipitate rush to recover the baby.

In this manner they ran around for several moments. The watchman, bewildered as well as amused at their capers, stood by, enjoying the funny scene, at a loss to know what to do. Finally the big, old monkey which had stolen the precious infant, suddenly turned into the centre of the cage to where the mother sat when he grabbed it from her arms. Stopping abruptly, he seemed to bid defiance to the pursuers, and while they, evidently seized with a fear to approach, collected about him in a circle and chattered as they had done about the mother, he held it tenderly to his bosom in one arm and stroked its little body affectionately with the other. Thus caressing it for a moment he handed it back to its glad mother, and there was joy through the whole family.

As a result of this incident, Lady Jane and her baby, Rosina, were transferred later in the day by Headkeeper Byrne to a special cage, where there are only three or four other monkeys. The baby was christened Rosina by an admirer of Rosina Vokes, the dramatic star.

"Ever since this young one was born, a few days ago, there has been the greatest time among the monkeys," said Keeper Byrne. "They all seem to be just as thoroughly in love with the little creature as ever a family of girls were with an infant brother. The mother appears to realize that they regard it with affection and she has undertaken to cultivate this excellent feeling by loaning it out to others to nurse. When she loans it there is trouble getting it back because they pass it from one to another. It is a very hardy little creature and seems to stand an amazing amount of handling."

Philadelphia Enquirer.

CAN MAKE MONEY.

Any teacher or pupil of school or Sunday-school can make money by securing fifty cent annual subscriptions for *Our Dumb Animals*, and retaining one-half of each subscription as compensation for doing it.

TOO SHARP FOR THE HAWK.

An observing Southern sportsman told recently about a flock of pigeons that measured brains with a hawk and came out ahead. H. S. Edwards owned a flock of pigeons which one day were cut off from their cote by a large hawk. The pigeons knew that if the hawk once got above them one at least of their number would go to make a meal for him, and so up they flew in circles, going higher than the hawk. The latter kept under the pigeons, and leisurely followed their laborious movements.

Then came a curious and unexpected sight to Mr. Edwards. Every pigeon closed its wings, and they appeared to be the size of sparrows, and down they came past the hawk at a terrific rate. That astonished the hawk. He actually dodged the dropping birds and missed half a dozen wing strokes before he got in full chase of them. When he got down to the barnyard not a pigeon was in sight—some were in the cote, some in the porch, two in the well-house and one in the kitchen. *The hawk had been outwitted completely.* It is a question how the pigeons managed to check their fall, as they did not slacken up till they were about fifteen or twenty feet above the ground, when they scattered in all directions to escape the hawk.—*The N. Y. Alliance.*

WHAT DAN DOES.

Mrs. Emil V. Carter, of Arlington, Oklahoma Territory, has a very intelligent dog, a St. Bernard, named Dan. She reared him from puppyhood and trained him. He is now four years old and weighs about 150 pounds.

He goes to any store in town with a note and brings home anything sent after. He goes to the post-office and gets the mail, and can carry a check to the bank and get the money, and nobody can take it away from him, either, until he arrives home. He goes to the butcher shop when he's sent. He never forgets anybody he once makes friends with, but will walk up and offer his big black paw for a handshake a year after meeting you.

At one time there was a severe storm at Arlington. Houses were wrecked and articles of every description were scattered all over town. Dan worked hard for two days picking things up, hats, shoes, clothing—anything he could find. When he had finished he had a pile of things in the yard as high as the fence. He always goes regularly to his meals, which, as Mrs. Carter says, is more than some men do. When he hears the dinner bell he starts for home.

Dan makes a mistake once in a while, but not often. He sometimes picks up packages of goods in the store which have been wrapped up for other buyers and carries them to his own home. One time he took home a side of breakfast bacon, another time a lamp chimney, and once a nice patent leather shoe with a silk sock inside. Mrs. Carter always makes him return such articles. The meanest thing Dan ever did was to carry some clothing home which a young man had purchased to wear to a picnic. He was to meet his sweetheart at the train, but Dan's mistake caused him to miss train, girl, picnic and all.—*Kansas City Star.*

SHARP.

Said an Irishman to a telegraph operator. "Do you ever charge anybody for the address of a message?" "No," replied the operator. "And do you charge for signing his name, sir?" said the customer. "No, sir." "Well, then, will ye please send this? I just want my brother to know I am here," handing the following: "To John McFlynn—at New York—[signed] Patrick McFlynn." It was sent as a tribute to Patrick's shrewdness.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labor.

"Glory to God in the highest,
on earth peace, good will toward
men."

STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, Oct. 8, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I do not hesitate to say that every teacher in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts should use his influence in behalf of considerate treatment of the lower animals. *I believe this to be not only his legal duty, but his moral duty as well.* Further, I think that such influence should be exerted not solely for the benefit of dumb animals, *but for the excellent reflex action which it may produce upon the teachers and pupils themselves.*

Very truly yours,

FRANK A. HILL,
Secretary of the Board of Education.

SHALL WE FIND THEM AT THE PORTALS?

Will they meet us, cheer and greet us,
Those we've loved who've gone before?
Shall we find them at the portals,
Find our beautiful immortals,
When we reach that radiant shore?

Hearts are broken for some token
That they live, and love us yet!
And we ask, Can those who've left us,
Of love's look and tone bereft us,
Though in heaven, can they forget?

And we often, as days soften,
And comes out the evening star,
Looking westward, sit and wonder
Whether, when so far asunder,
They still think how dear they are.

Past yon portals, our immortals—
Those who walk with Him in white—
Do they, 'mid their bliss, recall us?
Know they what events befall us?
Will our coming wake delight?

They will meet us, cheer and greet us,
Those we've loved, who've gone before;
We shall find them at the portals,
Find our beautiful immortals,
When we reach that radiant shore.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D.D., in *Watchman*.

IN SAN FRANCISCO.

In San Francisco there is a cat that washes windows. It belongs to one of the Chinese companies of that city. It is a cat of a Chinese breed, and those who own it claim that it belongs to the same family as the cats in the temple of the Emperor of China. The cat is a mixture of Maltese and tortoise-shell, and is said to be very beautiful. It has a Chinese name which, the newspapers claim, cannot be rendered into English; so those of its friends who talk English have to call it Tom for short. Tom's Chinese friends declare he is so clean that he will not lie down until he has dusted the place where he is to lie. It is claimed that he will take a rag and dip it in a pan of water and wash the glass of the window in front of which he is going to lie down, and then rub it dry, and that he has never been known to lie down in front of the glass without first washing it. Naturalists say that cats are the cleanest animals in the world, *that they abhor dirt.*

Outlook.

GOD GIVE US MEN.

"Men whom the lust of office cannot kill,
Men whom the spoils of office will not buy,
Men who have opinions and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie."

ALL NORMAL SCHOOLS.

In addition to the immense circulation of *Our Dumb Animals* elsewhere, we have ordered it sent regularly to every normal school in the United States.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We have printed and caused to be circulated over two millions of copies of "*Black Beauty*."



THE DOG SAVED HIS LIFE.

HOME-SICK ARMY HORSES.

"And those volunteers," remarked the man to a reporter of the *New York Press*, "are not the only warriors that pine away and die from home-sickness. *Horses are more susceptible to the disease than men*—that is, they were so in the civil war; and I don't see any reason to suppose that their temperaments have changed since.

"Of course, when a poor, four-legged brute, with no shoulder-straps, comes down with it, the doctors simply report that such and such horses in such and such a troop are 'off their feed,' and let it go at that. But it is precisely the same thing, the disorder develops in precisely the same manner and the equine victims of it manifest identically the same symptoms, and, what is more, the chances of their dying from it are infinitely greater than are those of a soldier, simply because it is impossible to bolster up their courage by telling them they are going home soon. That is the only medicine that will keep the disease in check, and, of course, you can't administer it to a horse unless you speak its language.

"Loss of appetite is the first symptom. Horses that at home were the most hearty feeders become dainty and particular, and refuse to look at anything offered to them. Then they become restless and nervous and pound their feet to pieces, if you don't watch them. Two weeks will fix them generally. Working without nourishment is as disastrous as fighting on an empty stomach, and the beasts soon contract a cold or a fever, and either die or are killed.

"Out of a consignment of 200 horses sent to the army corps with which I was stationed in Tennessee, more than one-third of them became absolutely useless from *sheer home-sickness* in less than a month. Twenty or thirty died, and the rest we disposed of as best we could.

"Another circumstance which produces the disease among army horses is the fact that a great majority of them have been separated from a mate, with whom they have been accustomed to work for years. The moment they realize their partner is missing, they go into the most abject mourning and refuse to be reconciled. *Time and time again I have seen horses literally grieve themselves to death in an army camp because their team-mate was separated from them.*

"And when you come to think about it, the prevalence of the disease among army horses is the most reasonable thing in the world. As is the case with the volunteers, a great majority of the war horses

come from the country. They were bred and raised in the country, and until they were drafted into the service they spent all their days in the restful quiet of the farm. The government prefers to buy country horses both for political reasons and because the animals are more likely to be free from the pavement soreness and other disorders which afflict city horses. It also has its buyers select animals pretty well along in years—anywhere from five to nine years old.

"When these rustic beasts are torn suddenly from their rustic homes and plunged into the bustle and confusion of camp life, it affects them just as it does their masters who have enlisted. Most natural thing in the world that it should, because both have been brought up in the same way."

THE GREAT SNOWY OWL.

The winter or late autumn brings, at times, a visitor from the far north, the great snowy owl, *Nyctea nivea*. I came upon him the other day crouched in the long, dead grass, which whistled in the cold wind, while the snow squalls swept along the far horizon. He turned his great black eyes on me for a moment and took wing. No bird that I ever saw has such motive power; the first flap of his broad wings sends him far forward or upward. He bounds up and scoops down, turning in any direction with all the ease and lightness of the swallow. A few seconds and his great bulk is a speck at the horizon, a moment more and he has vanished, while you still stand gazing in wonder at his grace and speed and power. He certainly has small reason to forego his southern trip; when the arctic winter comes on breadths of latitude can be nothing to him. A few days, or a fortnight at most, will allow him to pass over the stretch that separates his arctic home from us, and still give him time to stop for rest and feeding by the way. His natural vigor and power of wing is so great that the severe cold of the sub-polar regions, and the passage of the great distance that separates it from us, are both sustained with ease, evidently, by this magnificent bird.—From "Winter Birds," in *Vick's Magazine*.

From President Wilder of Illinois Wesleyan University: "I am increasingly impressed with the far-reaching and wholesome influence of your *American Humane Education Society*."



FEEDING THE OXEN.

"I can't understand it," he said.

"What?" said his wife.

"Why, how you can put gilded spheres and gaudy fabrics all over a Christmas tree six feet high and four feet thick for 75 cents, when it costs \$18 to trim a bonnet four inches in diameter."

Cincinnati claims a hog kept at a brewery that gets drunk every day. Is it possible that a beast can make a man of itself in that way?



Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications of the Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following cost prices, free of postage:—

Angell Prize Contest Recitations, 16 cents each, postage paid. To Contestants, 6 cents, postage paid.	
Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections, by Geo. T. Angell, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; or cloth bound, 20 cents at office, and 25 cents mailed.	
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Total, \$98.73.

Publications sold, \$63.89.

Total, \$554.60.

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Mrs. A. G. K. Champlin, \$100; A friend, \$100; Mrs. J. A. Woodward, \$42.50; Mrs. John C. Phillips, \$25; A friend, \$25; L. M. Chase, \$5; Upper Canada Tract Society, \$5.

All others, \$55.17.

Interest, \$98.28.

Cases Investigated by our Boston Offices in July.

Whole number of cases investigated, 1,549; horses taken from work, 69; horses and other animals humanely killed, 194.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

TWO THEOLOGIES.

Among the many kind words coming to us from brother editors in different parts of the country we have just received these:

From *The Sacred Heart Review* (Roman Catholic) Boston, July 23d.

Mr. George T. Angell of *Our Dumb Animals* entered upon his 76th year the other day, and his physician says he sees no reason why Mr. Angell (with care) may not remain ten years longer in the work he so much enjoys. The readers of the *Review* will receive this report with pleasure, for he has shown a liberality of editorial view that entitles him to love and respect.

Mr. Angell is now in his seventy-fifth year, but has apparently no thought of relinquishing the labors to which he has given his life. He is "possessed by a spirit," but it is a good spirit, and his noble example may well serve to inspire the young.
Ave Marie, Notre Dame, Ind.

From *The Pennsylvania Methodist*, Harrisburg, July 21st.

Mr. George T. Angell, of Boston, Mass., editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, recently entered upon his 76th year, and his business associates, family and many friends pleasantly remembered the occasion. Mr. Angell has done wonders for the alleviation of the miseries of dumb animals all over this country. He is a true friend of humanity. Such a man blesses the age in which he lives. A century is none too long in which to accomplish the good to which he has given the major portion of his life.

Is it a wonder that we want to live ten years longer.—[EDITOR.]

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word
And take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.—GEO. T. ANGELL.

WITH INTEREST AND PROFIT.

"There is a publication, which comes to this office regularly, known as *Our Dumb Animals*, which we have learned to value highly, and read with interest and profit. Its teachings will inspire to nobler deeds."—*Mitchell (Ontario) Recorder*.

Milk has this peculiarity, the more it is doctored the worse it gets.

